

Automatic Clippings From the Exchanges



Substantial Reasons.
There once was a maid at a health resort,
And a sorrowful maid was she;
She never would dress in a bathing suit
Or wade in the tumbling sea.
For she feared that the chaps would turn
ble, see?
She'd her reasons, this foxy miss,
For never donning a bathing suit—
H. C. R. U. V. N. E. A. S. O. L. I. T. I. O. N. S. K. E. W. E. R. E. T. H. I. S. —Houston Post.

Wouldn't It Chill You?
Oh, the snow!
The beautiful snow!
It shivers and shivers as the blizzards blow;
It slips in your eyes and it flirts with your nose,
And peeks on your nose till it fetches the tears;
And isn't it grand when a quart or a peck
Of the beautiful snow takes a soot down your neck?
Oh, the snow!
The beautiful snow!
Isn't it nice on your fingers, though?
Isn't it fine as the jolliest news
When it drifts all around and gets into your shoes?
And isn't it brazen, and isn't it bold?
And isn't it frigid?
S. F. —Denver Post.

Isn't it cold?
Oh, the ice!
Magnificent ice!
It stretches its arms o'er the lake in a trice;
It's clear as a jewel and solid as gold—
And isn't it lovely? And isn't it cold?
It closes up the bath-pipes as cool as you please,
And wonderful icicles come with the freeze.
Oh, the ice!
Magnificent ice!
That time you fell down on it—wasn't that nice?
And isn't it great when it forms on the street,
And makes you cut capers to keep on your feet?
And isn't it jolly to have it to hold?
And wouldn't it freeze you?
S. F. —Exchange.

His Ideal Summer Resort.
The young man boarded the green car at the corner of Sixth street and the avenue. He was out of breath, as if he had been running, and there was a queer, wild light in his eyes. He plumped into one of the smoky seats and immediately addressed the man on his left, a stout, comfortable-looking individual, smoking a cigar.
"Well, I've got a bird of a place to board in the country this summer," he began.
"Say, I've ever read these country board ads?"
"Uh-huh," replied the stout man with the cigar. "Lots of 'em. Quack reading."
"Right you are," said the young man. "And I've been taken in about a million times by reading 'em. But I've struck the place at last. 'Wonderful, that's what it is—wonderful!'"
"You don't say so?" replied the stout man, in an uninterested tone.
"Yes, I do say so. I just read the ad. about the place, and took a Sunday to go down from the city to investigate, and it looked so promising that I stayed on, and, say, it's a bird of a place and no mistake!"
"Uh-huh," said the stout man.
"They advertised forty acres of ground, you know, with golf links and tennis courts, and all that sort of thing—and, say, they've got 'em all!" and the young man panted in his excitement.
"Uh-huh."
"And they advertised fresh milk and vegetables raised right on the place, and, by the way, what I think—they have fresh milk on the table—real milky milk, with cream on the top—three times a day, and vegetables with the dew still on 'em three times a day, too!"
"Well, well!" mildly ejaculated the stout man.
"And they advertised a fine swimming lake on the premises, stocked with choice specimens of the finny tribe, and if I haven't been swimming in that fine, sandy-bottomed lake every day, and catching a boat-load of fish in it every day, too, I'm a goat!"
"You don't say so?" said the stout man, looking interested in the other direction.
"That's right, and they advertised that all of the rooms were big and airy, and that folks had to sleep under blankets every night on account of the coolness, and I found it to be a fact, by the way!"
"I want to know!" breathed the stout man.
"And the ad. insisted upon the fact that mosquitoes were absolutely unknown about the place, and I found that out to be true, too!"
"Well, well!"
By this time all of the other persons in the smoky seats were listening intently to the excited young man's talk, and those in front were "rubbering" around to get a look at him.
"And the ad. stated that there were three mail trains a day, and that was true, also!"
"Why, how you talk!"
"And the ad. set forth the statement that, unlike most country boarding places, the mansion had four fine new porcelain bathtubs, with sanitary plumbing all over the house, and gas made right on the estate, and I've discovered it all to be a fact!"
"Push, low you converse!"
"And the ad. had for the moderate sum of \$5 a week, and that's all I've been paying," said the young man, with almost a wail of joy.
Just then a cab, driven at full speed, flashed up alongside the car. Two big men inside the cab shouted to the conductor, who stopped the car. The two big men jumped out and reached for the wild-eyed young man who had discovered the wonderful country boarding place. They tucked him, nonresisting, into the cab, saying to the conductor:
"A bug house, you know. We're taking him to a sanatorium, and he got out of our sight for a minute at the station, and we thought we'd lost him." —Washington Star.

THE WISE HUSBAND.

The man whose wife started with the children on Sunday morning last for a two weeks' visit with her relatives in Pennsylvania begged off from seeing his family off at the station.
"You know how I hate this parting business," said he to his wife, as he pulled away at his first post-breakfast pipe, "and there's really no necessity for me to go down to the depot, is there?"
"Um—well, no," she replied, darting him, nevertheless, a look of dark suspicion.
"There was a time, though, when you wouldn't have let me go away for a whole long two weeks without seeing me off at the station, and—"
"Oh, well, I'll go, then, sure thing," said he, starting up the stairs to get dressed. "Might've known you'd say something like that!"
He hesitated at the bottom of the stairs, looking at her.
"Yes, but if I don't go, I suppose I'll never hear the last of it—you'll throw it up to me to the last day of my life, and after, I'd be willing to gamble \$4."

"No, Jack, I won't," replied his wife, quite good naturedly. "Come to think of it, it would be foolish to have you tramp down in the hot sun when it's so unnecessary. No, you just stay here at home and remain comfortable—you're going to stay in to-day, I suppose?" shooting him another glance out of the tail of her eye.
"Sure thing, I'm going to stay in—all day," said he.

When he had kissed the family goodby and seen them board the down car, he settled back with his stack of Sunday papers and his pipe and proceeded to take it easy. He looked as if he wouldn't have budged away from his own vine and fig tree for real big money, nor had he any intention of doing so, just then.

However, about an hour after the departure of his wife, he heard a well-known step, followed by a couple of other smaller well-known steps, out in front, and he went to the front window and looked out. It was his wife returning with the children. An idea shot through his head, and he bounded upstairs three at a clip.
From his position at the head of the stairs he heard his wife enter the front door with her latchkey. Then he heard her walk around for a moment.

"Jack!" she called up the stairs.
Jack kept still.
"I just knew it—I knew it perfectly well," he heard his wife mutter to herself. "He deceived me. The reason why he didn't go down to the station with me was because he had an appointment to spend the day somewhere, and I know that I wasn't out of the door before he was greeting his clothes on. Children, your father has deceived—well, and then she subsided into the weeps which she thought necessary under the circumstances."

Her husband tiptoed up to the garret, and then he came down with his ordinary firm walk.
"Who's down there?" he called.
"Why, Jack, is that you?" said his wife, in a surprised tone. "I thought you had gone, and—"
"No, I was up in the garret looking for that old coat of mine. But what's the matter? Why are you back?"
"I—lost the train," said his wife, meekly, as he came down the stairs.
"Did, eh?" said Jack, but that's nothing so serious. There's another train this afternoon. What are you crying about?"
"Well, I am so chagrined to lose the train," she replied more weakly, and looking considerably to notice these things. They are so simple. Now he is stopping to look in at that haberdasher's window. We will pass behind him. Look closely and see if there is anything about him to indicate how I have arrived at my wonderful conclusion regarding him."

After they had passed, the great detective turned with a look of inquiry to his companion.
"Heaven, how do you know this? Is he a friend of yours?"

"No," said Sherlock Holmes, Jr. "I never saw him before. I have never heard his name."
"But surely you can't expect me to believe there is anything in his personal appearance to enable you to make this wonderful deduction?"
"Yes. One glance as he passed close to us a moment ago was sufficient. Really, you are very stupid not to notice these things. They are so simple. Now he is stopping to look in at that haberdasher's window. We will pass behind him. Look closely and see if there is anything about him to indicate how I have arrived at my wonderful conclusion regarding him."

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"No, sir! all the Darwins in the world cannot make me believe that I am descended from a monkey."

Sherlock Holmes, Jr.
"Hah!" said Sherlock Holmes, Jr. "It is as I expected."
His companion stopped, mystified, and asked:
"What has happened?"
"There," replied the great amateur detective, pointing to a man who had just passed them; "he is the father of a child less than six months old that is troubled with the colic. He has no other children and is left handed. His wife is not very strong, and they can't afford to keep a nurse. They feed the child on milk from a Jersey cow. He kissed her when he left home this morning, and then walked half backward to the street, smiling at her."

The other turned pale and asked:
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THE CODE OF HONOR.
Apropos of these terrible French duels—a humane suggestion.—Sketch.



THEN SHE BLUSHED.
Professor of Grammar: "What part of speech is kiss?"
Dumore Pupil: "Noun, form proper and common, number indefinite, case possessive."
Professor of Grammar: "Why peculiar case?"
Dumore Pupil: "Because it is never declined."—London Judy.



Sir Lucius O'Trigger: "The gentleman I have the honor to represent, being nearsighted, insists on standing three feet nearer his adversary than his adversary to him."—King.



Nearsighted Professor: "This is a most beautiful rug."—Flegende Blasted.



A BEASTLY IDYL FROM UGANDA.

One of the Judge's Economies.
Among the members of the Court of Appeals when that body was first elected by the people at a spring election in 1870 was Judge Martin Grover, a quaint and curious old man, whose eccentricities attracted attention wherever he was known, but whose robust mind, judicial fairness and intellectual capacity compelled respect. That he was an exceedingly old fellow may be gathered from the following anecdotes of him:
"I throw physic to the dogs," says Shakespeare. William evidently had no love for dogs.
The man who is looking for a fat office should visit the counting-room of a lard factory.
When a girl weighing 180 pounds answers to the name of "Birdie" the eternal fitness of things gets an awful jolt.—Chicago News.

The Porter's Charitable View.
One by one the travelers entered the sleeping car bound for the exposition.
"Porter," said a fat man.
"Yes, sah."
"Put me off at Buffalo."
The porter showed two rows of ivories in an affected grin.
"Dat's purty good, sah," he said.
An octopus-like looking man came in and looked at the porter with evidences of a smile twitching around the corners of his mouth.
"Porter," he said.
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"Put me off at Buffalo."
Then came a woman—a brassy woman—old man sprang the same old gag, followed by the people at a spring election in 1870 was Judge Martin Grover, a quaint and curious old man, whose eccentricities attracted attention wherever he was known, but whose robust mind, judicial fairness and intellectual capacity compelled respect. That he was an exceedingly old fellow may be gathered from the following anecdotes of him:
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